Europe is as unhappy as if it had just lost the baseball pennant.

Straw hats still linger, but chiefly in the guise of next year's hens' nests.

In some ways an oyster is like an You never can tell till you open

As is well known, a handsome woan can be attractive in almost any

If hobble skirts are made any tighter, the wearers will not even be able to hobble.

man out west is trying to regain a fortune by newspaper work. No wonder he lost it.

The cost of dying has gone up 33 1-3 per cent., and some feel that they cannot afford the expense.

Elijah may have been the first aviator, but there was no promoter there to collect the gate receipts.

It is hinted that the Mona Lisa was stolen by an artist. He certainly was an artist at getting away with it.

We have reason to believe that the new "ankleview" skirt will cause mere men to sit up and take notice.

The corset may go, as fashion dictators say, but we may rest assured that something worse will be substi-

Professor Brooks' comet is thus far obscured by clouds, but the presumption is that it is keeping its adver-

Another unsuccessful attempt has been made to swim the English channel. But why try to swim when it is so easy to fly across?

There is a form of butter in india called "ghee." We will hazard the opinion that some of our own cold storage kind beats it.

Fruit pests are being killed by electricity in Spokane valley. The modern agriculturist earns his bread by the bum of his motor.

Hay fever may be a sign of brains, but a good many people are willing to forego the brains if, by doing so, they can get rid of the fever.

An expert tells us that birds spread disease. This probably will be setzed upon by the ladies as a pretext to wear dead birds on their bats.

A New York policeman who rescued a girl from drowing was rewarded with a kiss and a hug. Here is a suggestion for Andrew Carnegie.

The trouble between Germany and England reminds us of a quarrel between two prominent pugilists. All the fighting is done in the newspapers.

The census gives Nevada only sev en-tenths of a man to the square mile. There are in Nevada a good many square miles that don't deserve even that much.

Highwaymen, after robbing a Chiand left him shivering in the street. It may become necessary to have empty barrels left around at convenient

A Chicago man is suing for divorce because his wife has been throwing things at him for nineteen years Probably he is tired of paying for having the dents taken out of the

These velours hats for men are lovely things. So are china eggs.

A Boston girl, who proclaimed her right to choose a husband for herself. has received one hundred proposals of marriage. Declarations of independence are now in order.

We are told that the yelling of a parrot in New York saved twenty-five lives in a burning building It also saved the feathers of the parrot, which was a question of far more concern to said parrot.

A man in Pennsylvania hanged him self because his crop of tobacco was too large to store in his barn. Hounded to death by too much prosperity, he fell a victim to the inconsistency of human wishes.

Isn't it about time to invoke the clause of the constitution prohibiting cruel and unusual forms of punish ment? A New York magistrate told wife of a man brought before on a serious charge to take him home and tell him what she thought of

Thus far the afr is not darkened by making transcontinental

A fireman has beaten Weston's walking record from coast to coast, but Weston still holds the record for 60-year-old pedestrians with gray mus-

We are told that the summer has been too hot for oysters. We also have reason to believe that some sections of it were too bot for haman be-



SYNOPSIS.

A foolish young tenderfoot becomes fascinated with the bold, artful wife of a drunken prospector in a western mining town. They prepare to elope in a blinding blizzard but are confronted by the maudlin husband. He is shot by the main to the body taking the crime upon himself. In their flight, to the railroad station the woman's horse fails exhausted; the youth puts her on his own and follows hanging to the stirrup strap. Seeing he is an impediment, the woman thrusts her escort into a snow drift and rides on. Half-frozen he stumbles into the railroad station just as the train bears the woman away. Twenty-five years later, this man, George Gormly, is a multi-millionaire in New York. He meets Eleanor Haldane, a beautiful and wealthy settlement worker, and co-operates with her in her work. Gormly becomes owner of a steamship line and finds himself frustrated in pler and track extension plans by grafting aldermen, backed by the Gotham Traction company. An automobile accident brings the Haldanes to his country home. Gortily announces that he will be mayor of New York and redeem the city from corruption. The political deciaration of the merchant prince produced a tremendous sensation. The whole machinery of the city's detective force is to be used to dig up something damaging to Gormly. The press heretofore unanimously favorable to the merchant candidate, under pressure, divides and the campaign waxes warm. A resolution is introduced granting a gratuitous renewal of the traction franchise. Gormly offers ten million dollars for the franchise, Miss Haldane congratuates Gormly offers ten million dollars for the franchise, Miss Haldane congratuates Gormly offers ten million dollars for the franchise, Miss Haldane learns of her father's baseness though Gormly towinly tries to hide it. Members of the Ring find the woman for whose sake Gormly declared himself a murderer and decide to for

CHAPTER XVII.

Colonel Bill Hamilton Plays His Lone Hand.

Young Haldane's first duty was to distribute manifestos to the newspapers as far as his copies permitted. Having discharged his errand, with the one copy which he had reserved for himself, he headed for home, hitting up a tremendous pace as he raced along the almost deserted streets.

Before he had left to warn Gormly he had in a few hasty words given his sister an inkling of what was about to happen. He knew that she would be awaiting the result of his interview with an anxiety not to be measured. In a short time, therefore, he placed the confession in her hands. With straining eyes and throb bing heart the girl devoured the type written pages.

Her feelings were a singular compound of varying emotions. For one thing, there was relief that it was no worse; for another, there was admiration at the boldness and courage with which the man had grappled with a desperate situation, the dexterity cago man, took away all his clothing and resource with which in perfect honor and dignity he had extricated himself from the dilemma in which the opposition had sought to plunge him, the magnificent audacity with which he had faced the crisis and dominated the interview; lastly, there was a keen, terrible pang of jealousy and bitterness toward that other wom an. It was this last emotion that was self revealing.

Eleanor Haldane knew now that she loved this man. She realized in this unveiling of her heart that probably she had loved him all the time; that the other feelings and emotions which he had stirred in her heart and she had sought to characterize by different words were now blended into passion as great as his own.

She sat quite silently, staring at the paper, reading the lines over and over again, thinking her thoughts, until her brother, who had absented himself for a brief space, came back into

the room. "Well," he said, "what are you go ing to do?"

"Will you take a note to him to night?" she asked. "Not now," was the answer. "It's

too late. I begged him to go to bed and try to get some rest. He will need all his strength tomorrow." "But this night-"

"I don't care what it is, you can't get it to him tonight. Besides that isn't the best way."

The girl sat down at her desk picked up a pen and drew a sheet of paper toward her. She divined what was in her brother's mind. She knew what would be the best way after all as well as he. Well, she would do it! What will father say?" she asked half curiously.

"He will have enough to do explaining his part in this transaction to say anything about anything else." "You don't think that he-

"I am sorry to say It," answered joung Haldane gravely; "but it was father who gave me the clue, know, and I am dead certain that the whole ring have put the chief of police up to his dirty work."

He turned away as he spoke and hung his head in shame. Eleanor Haldane had already gone through the fires, and to her overwrought soul

it seemed that no further humiliation could be brought upon her.

"Maybe." she said at last, forcing herself to speak with trembling lips and sinking heart, "he won't care

"Don't be a fool, sis!" said her brother roughly, yet not unkindly. "He cares more for you now than anything on earth except his election, and I don't know but that he would even let that slide-"

"He wouldn't!" was the answer.
"That day at Louise Stewart's, father offered me to him if he would not publish that matter about the Traction company, and-

"And he refused?" "Yes."

"Great God! I didn't think the old man could sink so low." "That isn't all either," she went on

dreamily; "for I repeated the offer."
"What!" cried her brother. "Yes. I asked him if I said I would marry him, whether he would stop the publication."

"And he refused you?" "He did."

"God! that's a man if ever there was one!"

'Yes," was the answer, "and that is why I am taking this step now. If he had accepted me, I should have despised him. He would have sunk.

she said bitterly, "to our family level." "Never you mind about our level, sis," said the man gently. "There are few people on earth that are as high as your level; and if Gormly ever does get you, he'll be mighty

'Now, I want you to help me with what I have to write."

He sat down at his desk, took the paper up again, scanned it carefully. "Look here," he said. "There is something concealed about this."

"What is it?" asked the subordinate "Well, in the first place it doesn't say who shot the man."

Why, he says he wrote a confes-

"Yes, I know, I believe the woman fired the shot, and that he's trying to save her! If we could only settle that question, it would be something to soften the revelation."
"By jove!" cried the night editor,

"that reminds me!" He picked up the letter. "Camp Kill Devil, Wyo.! One of the cub reporters got a story the other day about some western adventures from a certain Bill Hamilton, an old Montana mine owner, and if I'm not mistaken Camp Kill Devil was mentioned."

"Where is the story?" "I killed it."

"Where is the reporter? I hope you didn't kill him."

"No," was the answer. He tapped a bell on his desk. "Send Mr. Ab-bott to me if he's outside," he said to the messenger.

Fortune was in a complacent mood. Abbott had just come in from an assignment. He was preparing to go home when the summons reached him. Instantly he presented himself. nervous and trembling, and wondering what was up, before the two demi-gods who decided upon the des tinies of the paper, and incidentally upon the fate of the reporters, cub

and otherwise. "Mr. Abbott," said the night editor sharply, "you brought a story in here the other day from a certain Bill Hamilton in which a Wyoming mining camp called Kill Devil, or some such name, was mentioned. Do you recall it."

'Certainly, sir."

"I killed the story," said the night editor. "It was no good. But now we want very much to get hold of the man who gave it to you. Do you know where he is to be found?"

"Yes, sir. He's staying at the Wal

dorf.' "Go up and get him at once!" cut in the chief curtly. "My machine is down in the street. Get him up here "Thank you," said the girl simply if you have to kidnap him. Tell him we want to see him about George We've got a story in which Gormly. We've got a story in whi we think he would be interested." Haldane seated himself by her side.

"Gormly Took the Blame on Himself to Shield the Woman."

and the two heads were soon busily bent over the desk.

While all this was happening up town, matters were stirring down town. The editor-in-chief of The Planet, belated at a dinner, happened to come in for a final inspection just as the night editor finished reading the first copy of Gormly's communica-

"What do you think of that?" he sald, tossing it over. A few moments sufficed to put the editor, who was one of the coolest

and most self contained of men, in possession of the contents. He shook

"It's bad business," he remarked handing it back. "Will it beat him?"

"I don't know," was the answer. "I think not. If ever a man did atone for criminal folly or carelessness by his life, Gormly has. He seems to have been more sinned against than sinning, anyway. People generally like a man who tries to brace up and do the square thing, and if they had s few days to think it over, I believe it would do him more good than harm; but you see the election comes," ne looked at his watch. It was after one o'clock in the morning, "tomorrow."

"Of course, we will want to say something editorially about it." "Certainly," was the answer. will do it myself"

"Yes, sir," returned Abbott. He did not wait for any further instructions. He darted out of the room and in a few moments was whirling

up the avenue

Col. Bill Hamilton had gone to bed The office force made some demur about awakening him; but when Ab bott disclosed who he was, what he epresented, and what interests sere involved, they sent him up. Natural ly Colonel Bill was somewhat an noyed at being disturbed; but as soon as Abbott mentioned the name of Gormly he was instantly on the alert "What is it?" he asked, peering

through the open door. "It's about George Gormly. ditor-in-chief of The Planet is at the office. He wants to see you imme diately. It's the biggest thing that has ever come off in New York. He thinks that maybe you know some thing about it and can throw some light on it. I have a big car down here waiting for you."

"T'll be down in a minute," the prompt answer

"Please hurry, Colonel Hamilton We're holding the presses, waiting for you. Don't stop for anything."

"Set right down there, young man, said Colonel Bill, closing the door and see how quick one of the old die-with-their-boots-on crowd can get

Colonel Hamilton was as good as his word. He did not wait for any undue physical adornment. In an incredibly short space of time he came out sufficiently clad for decency, and grabbing the young man by the arm he fairly ran down the corridor to-ward the elevator. The late diners were astonished as Colonel Bill and the young cub forced their way through the crowded hall to the auto-mobile outside. The colonel had not forgotten the munitions of war, and he carried a tin box in his hand which he had snatched from his table as he left his bed room.

"Get us down to the office in double quick time," said the cub reporter to the chauffeur. "Never mind about fines. Bust up the machine, if necessary; but get us there! That's the old man's orders. We haven't got any time to spare," he yelled, as the big car started

"This way, sir," said the cub reporter, piloting him into the elevator at once. "Here you are!" he ex-claimed after a wild sweep upward. He led him through a couple of doors and ushered him into a big orightly lighted room where two men

"Col. Bill Hamilton, sir," said Ab bott breathlessly. He almost felt like saluting and saying, "Come aboard, sir!

"Thirty-two minutes," said the night editor, looking at his watch. well done.

"Mr. Abbott, you may remain here, if you wish," said the editor to the "It will be interesting for you to hear.'

"Thank you, sir." said the delighted young reporter, making himself small and inconsiderable in a corner whence he could hear and see everything.

"You must excuse me," said the editor, "for having brought you down here so summarily at this hour of the night, but affairs of great moment-"

"You want to know about Gormly?" "We do." "Well, what is it?"

"Read this," said the editor. Colonel Bill fished a pair of spec tacles out of his side pocket and de liberately perched them astride of his nose. He read the letter through very slowly. The night editor was in s

fever of impatience. Even the imper

turbable editor-in-chief was consider

ably more agitated than usual. The night editor groaned over the long windedness of the frontiersman "What's the matter, sonny?" asked Colonel Bill solicitously. "Ain't sick,

are you?"

"No, no," was the answer. "But go on, please, Colonel Hamilton," said the editor; "and will you be as explicit as possible. We are holding up the paper in the hope that you may be able to throw some light on this matter, and time is of the greatest importance.

"I see," was the reply. "Well, then, all that's written in that paper's true enough; but he ain't told all the

"Would you mind telling us what has been suppressed or left out?"

"The man's wife was run away with as Gormly, or Fordyce as I knowed him, says on that night he indicates, that the woman's husband was left dyin' on the cabin floor."

'Yes.' "Nex' mornin', some of us, suspicionin' that there might've been some trouble, after the storm died out got up a crowd and went over to the man's shack. We found him there-"Dead?" asked the editor.

"Not yet, but mighty nigh gone." Colonel Bill drew from his pocket a key and unlocked the tin box. From a worn envelope he drew forth a worn piece of paper, on which was written but still sufficiently legible, a brief Colonel Bill unfolded the message. paper, yellow with age, and handed it to the editor, who seized it, turned to

the light, and read: "I killed him, but it was in self de-

fense.-Fordyce. "That's the first bit of evidence, he said. The editor nodded. "That settles

"No. it don't," was the reply. "For when we got there, as I said, he warn't dead, and we managed to revive him with a good drink of liquor, which Pete Breeden-that was his namealways would respond to," he interpolated. "And he managed to say a few words."

"What were they?" "He said that his wife shot him and run off with Fordyce."

"Anything more?" "Then he died."

"I see," said the editor. "Gormly took the blame upon himself to shield the woman.

"It will be Colonel Hamilton's un supported statement against this written confession, though," interposed the night editor.

"Well, as it happens," was the re ply, "the statement ain't unsupport-"What more?" asked the editor.

"This."

Colonel Bill from the same tin box fished out another object wrapped in a piece of paper. He unrolled the paper and exhibited a flattened leaden bullet. "This come from a thirty-two call-

ber revolver. Doc Johnson, who was the only medical shark we had in them days, he performed an autopsy. or somethin' like that, on the body of Breeden, and he got this from it. man in the territory ever carried a thirty-two. Forty-five's the usual veapon for a gent out there, and this come from the woman's gun. I'd often seen her use it, and she could shoot most as straight as a man could, that woman.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

What will a man give in exchange for a good reputation?

Made Safe by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



from nervousness and other annoying and other annoying symptoms, and I can truly say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has proved worth mountains of gold to me, as it restored my health and strength. I never forget to tell my friends what Lydia E. Pinkham's getable Compound has done for me

Vegetable Compound has done for me during this trying period. Complete restoration to health means so much to me that for the sake of other suffering women I am willing to make my trouble public so you may publish this letter."—Mrs. Chas. Barclay, R.F.D., Graniteville, Vt.

No other medicine for woman's ills has received such wide-spread and un-qualified endorsement. No other medicine we know of has such a record of cures as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For more than 30 years it has been curing woman's ills such as inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains and nervous prostration, and it is unequalled for carrying women safely through the period of change of life.

Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write her for advice. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

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The Owl-What do you think of Mr. Robin's new home?

The Sparrow-It looks very nice, but I've only taken a bird's-eye view

Chirograph.

"Ethelinda writes a very peculiar

hand," said Maude.
"Yes," replied Maymie, "it's just a lot of straight lines and angles. Whe

you read it, you have to guess at the spelling, the same as she does." A Strong One.

"I think Dr. Pullem, the dentist,

must be a wonder."

"Why so?"

"He's the only man I ever heard who could kill Tom Roarer's nerve. FROM-TEXAS

Some Coffee Facts From the Lone Star State. From a beautiful farm down in Tex-

as, where gushing springs unite to form babbling brooks that wind their sparkling way through flowery meads, comes a note of gratitude for delivery from the coffee habit. "When my baby boy came to me five years ago, I began to drink

Postum, having a feeling that it would be better for him and me than the old kind of drug-laden coffee. I was not disappointed in it, for it enabled me, a small, delicate woman, to nurse a bouncing, healthy baby 14 months. "I have since continued the use of Postum for I have grown fond of it.

and have discovered to my joy that it has entirely relieved me of a bilious habit which used to prostrate me two or three times a year, causing much discomfort to my family and suffering to myself.

"My brother-in-law was cured of chronic constipation by leaving off coffee and using Postum. He has become even more fond of it than be was of the old coffee.

"In fact, the entire family, from the latest arrival (a 2-year-old who always calls for his 'potie' first thing in the morning), up to the head of the house, think there is no drink so good or so wholesome as Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason' Ever read the above letter? A one appears from time to time. are genuine, true, and full of hy